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Judge

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TWO VIEWS OF FREE-TRADE ANDY!

NOTE—Hold this picture some distance from you, half close your eyes, then look at it, and you will see Andy in his true light.

Judge

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PEN POINTS.

TO ADMIRAL SPERRY belongs the honor of having successfully "looped the loop."

. . .

When you mark a letter "Please Burn," post it in the stove.

. . .

Adam and Eve's telephone number is said to have been 281 Apple.

. . .

Modern society is an organization the for neurotic pursuit of erotic pleasures.

. . .

The cartoon on JUDGE'S cover this week should convince even the most skeptical that things are not always what they seem.

. . .

Recently there has been considerable discussion about the advisability of adopting a new title to enable bachelors to be distinguished from married men—such as Miss and the Mrs. of the other sex. The London *Punch* comes forward with a practical suggestion in its question: "Why not let the man be Master until he marries?"

THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

THE CURRENT issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* says a number of things about the "comic supplement" of the Sunday newspaper which JUDGE has long wanted to say. The article sums up the situation as follows:

"The comic supplement is, in fact, a national peril, and students of juvenile crime can no longer ignore its influence upon the receptive infant mind. It is a well-known biological and psychological law that the mimetic tendency of children is particularly strong in the domain of the reprehensible. To laugh at the discomfiture of an elder person to whom affection is owing, to seek revenge by underhanded means, to betray guileless and trusting confidence, to be selfish, untruthful, brutal, and crafty, these are the qualities of the heroes of the comic supplements."

JUDGE has no bone to pick with those papers which publish a high grade of humor. It is only when publications print matter that is "incipiently criminal," in their humorous columns, that the decision is handed down that such papers should be banished from the American home.

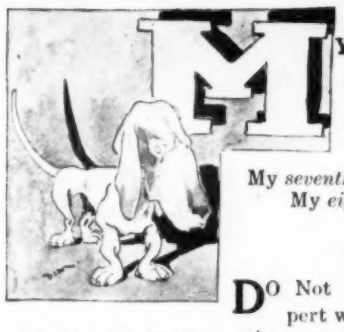
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

THE ISSUE of JUDGE for next week will be a feast for clubmen. To it are invited all club members of whatever race, creed, or birth. Tickets of admission cost simply the price of a regular issue of Judge. Those who don't belong to any club, JUDGE takes great pleasure in making (at sight) members of the famous "Laugh-and-the-world-laughs-with-you" club.

Among the many attractive things on the menu, which JUDGE is sure will please all, are a full-page cover design in four colors by James Montgomery Flagg, a full-page drawing by C. Allan Gilbert, etc., etc. Lack of space—no editorial fib—prevents giving a full list of the able contributors, both artists and authors, who will make this Club Number one of the best issues of JUDGE.

IN THE DAYS OF THE AEROPLANE RACES.

Race-horse (to racing automobile)—"Things are even now. We both are back numbers."



A DIVORCEE'S REBUS.

MY *first* is in a foreign land;
My *second* in Nebraska;
My *third's* in jail, I understand;
My *fourth* in far Alaska.
In politics my *fifth* is found;
My *sixth* in stage profession;
My *seventh* is somewhere underground;
My *eighth* now in progression.

FREDERICK MOXON.

RECENT SONG-HITS.

DO Not Bother the Gentle Insanity Expert while He Thinks of a Hypothetical Question To Get Dear Father Out of Jail. Words and music by Dr. Swellfee.

When the Smell of Benzine Is in the Ether and the Rubber Horns Are Honking, It Is Time To Get Out Your 20-Pay-life Policy and Climb the Spreading Chestnut Tree, Lucinda Dear.

Carpenter, Dear Carpenter, Come Home with Me Now, and Fix the Doors Six Yards Wide so Mamma Can Get Her New Hat Through.

WHEN A CHICKEN SPOKE.

Farmer—"Come out of that coop, or I 'll shoot."
Voice inside—"Befo' de Lawd, boss, dey ain't a soul in heah but us chickens."

Down Along the Muddy Congo the Blear-eyed Hippos Are Laying for You, Teddy Dear. Words by Dr. Long; music by Seton-Thompson.

Matteawan Millionaires' Lockstep. A descriptive fantasy in eight howls and a sanity investigation.

Oh! Why Did Home-run Fogarty Fan Out Like a Ripping Sawmill while on the Bases the Noble Giants Were Waiting?

I Have Been Dreaming of You, Miss Astorvelt, Since First I Heard the Chink of Golden Doubloons Down by the Rushing North River Where the Lusitania Docks. Words and music by Count Broqueflatte. S. B. STONE.

MODERN METHODS.

Maid—"The baby is hungry, madam; what shall we give him?"

Modern mother—"If there is no condensed milk and no wheat tablets, you can use my cold cream."

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

HEARD IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Teacher—"Samson was a strong man."

Young America—"He wasn't in it with old man Atlas, who supported the earth."

A WISE OLD ELEPHANT.

G. O. P.—"I' ll nurse him along because he is so easy to beat."

PADDY'S CAT.

AN IRISHMAN, fresh from the "ould sod," secured a job with a lumbering crew in the Minnesota woods. While sound asleep in his bunk one night a lynx slipped in at the open window, espied Paddy's brindle whiskers, and promptly pounced on its supposed enemy. A terrific contest ensued, during which Paddy's clothing was reduced to ribbons, but ending happily, when the brawny son of Erin secured a half Nelson on the beast and heaved it bodily through the window.

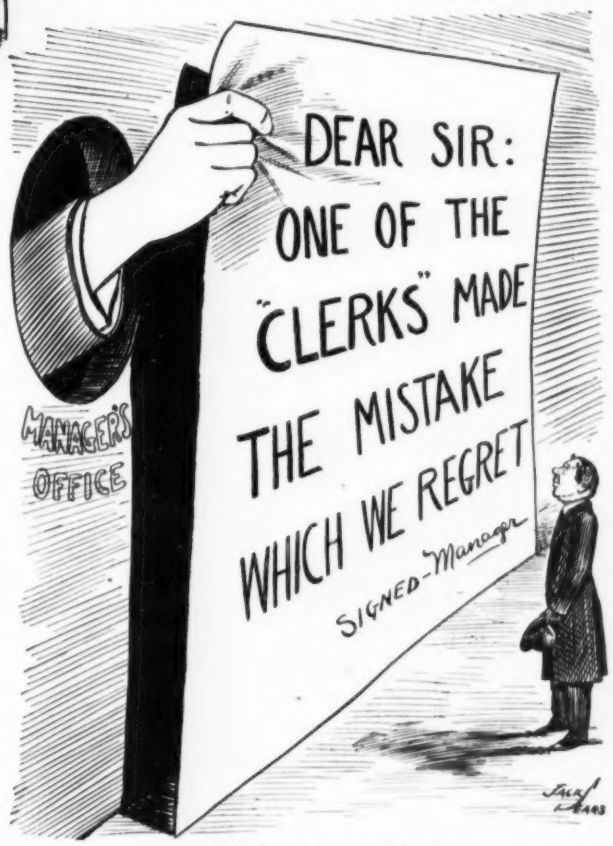
He was instantly surrounded by a score of excited and admiring woodsmen. After examining himself critically, Paddy straigthened up slowly, and remarked with distinct emphasis,

"Bedad, if I knew the dom mon thot owned thot cat I'd be afther rammin' me fisht down th' throat av 'im—I wud thot!"

N. H. CROWELL.

LIGHT.

"WHY hide your light under a bushel"
When a pint measure will answer the purpose?



AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

Why do many business men when they make mistakes always blame the "clerk" instead of facing the music themselves?

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

HELEN HALE, IN "THE PATRIOT."

Oh, Helen Hale,
You never fail
To win applause.
Your acting draws
The crowd to see
A patriot free;
Though on the stage—
Not history's page—
You act your part
And win the heart.

THE VERSATILE GROWL.

"WHAT'S that dog doing, ma?"

"He is eating his dinner, Jimmie."

"What makes him growl that way?"

"He is enjoying his dinner."

"Huh! he's different from pa, isn't he?"

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Ella—"I'll be there bright and early."

Stella—"Be there early, anyway, and I won't ask the other thing."

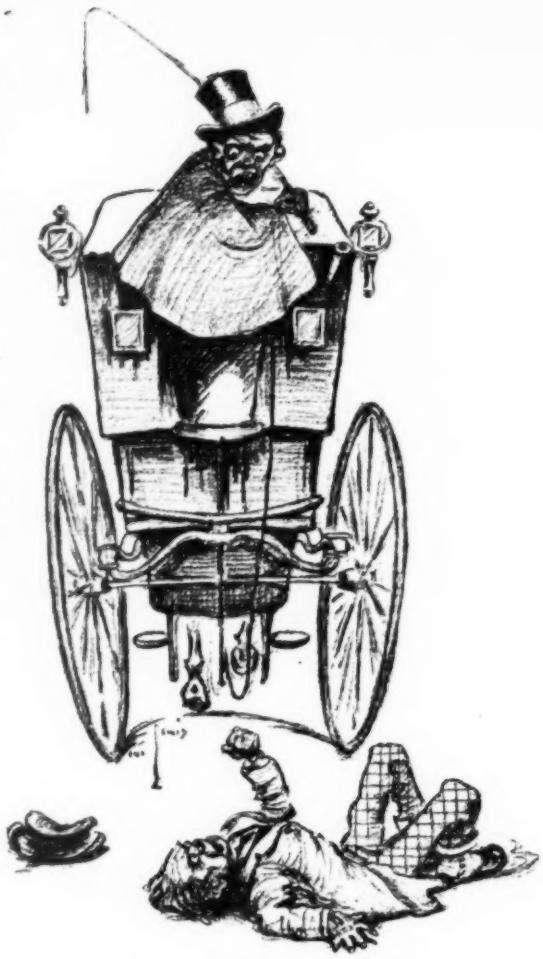
DOMESTIC DRAMA IN AMATEUR.

MY MA says I can play with
you an' stay till half
past two;
Now, come along, Matilda, an' I'll tell you
what we'll do.
Let's make believe
you're Mister Brown,
an' I will be your wife.
Go quickly to the kitchen for your mother's paring knife.
Now, I will peel some veg'tables, an'
you must sit an' read,
An' when I talk a lot to you, then you
must take no heed;
An' after I have talked a while, an' play
I'm mixin' bread,
Then you must look up cross, an' say,
"Huh! What was that you said?"

Then I will cry, "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo! You
always act that way.
You never care to listen to a word I have
to say."
Then you must growl, "It's tears, tears,
tears, at morning, noon, an' night.
Now, how can any mortal man expect an
appetite?"
Then I will come an' coax you up, an'
you must say, "I see,
You want some money for a dress; but
you can't jolly me."
Then I will say, "You darling dear!
How did you ever guess
Your precious, 'ittle, tootsey wootsey
wifey needs a dress?"

Then, you must sniff, "A dress, indeed!
I bought you one last May.
You must think I'm a millionaire."
I'll cry some more an' say,
"That gossipy old Mrs. Smith has
brought the news to me,
That Mrs. Jones had said to her, her
husband couldn't see
How you can have the nerve to brag an'
strut around the town,
When ev'rybody knows your wife wears
such a shabby gown."
Then you must say, "Go get your dress.
Will fifty dollars do?"
Now, isn't that a lovely game? Oh,
dear, it's half past two!

FLORENCE GOFF SCHWARZ.



THE LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

Cabby (after running man down)—"Git out er the way, there!"

Man—"What 's the matter—going to back up?"

IN THE HISTORY CLASS.

Teacher—"What happened at the battle of Bull Run?"

Bright boy (whose father is in Wall Street)—"Steel touched twenty-two and a half."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

"Yes; I believe that every intelligent woman should have a vote."
"But, Senator, I understood that you were opposed to women's suffrage?"
"I am."

A PSALM OF KNIFE (AND FORK).

TELL me not in mournful numbers
There is nothing fit to eat;
While there's cabbages and cucumbers
We can well dispense with meat.

Life is real; meals are earnest—
Better start them all with fruit;
Meat thou need'st, to meat returnest,
Was but spoken of the brute.

Not in stuffing, not in starving,
Is our destined end or way;
But the gentle art of carving
Grows to seem somewhat passé.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and bold,
Quaver when it comes to eating
Many tinned things that are sold.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In life's scrimmage, long and tough,
We'll not eat embalmed cattle
Nor adulterated stuff.

Trust no butcher, howe'er pleasant;
Of his sausage be afraid;
Do not take it as a present—
Only he knows how it's made.

Let us then be up and chewing,
With a taste for any dish;
Not with anxious vision viewing
Ptomaine poison in our fish.

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

THE SWEETHEARTS OF SECOND CHILDHOOD.

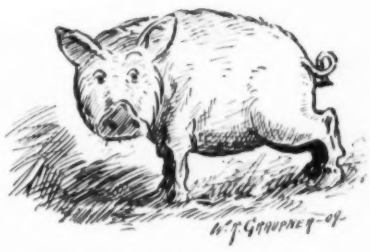
TWO TURNS.

"MARY," said the mistress, addressing her new servant, "turn the flapjacks, quick!"

Hurrying to the sizzling pan, the servant did so.

"That was well done, Mary; you didn't break one of them. Stop! why are you turning them over again?"

"They say one good turn deserves another, mum!"



THE "WURST" IS YET TO COME.

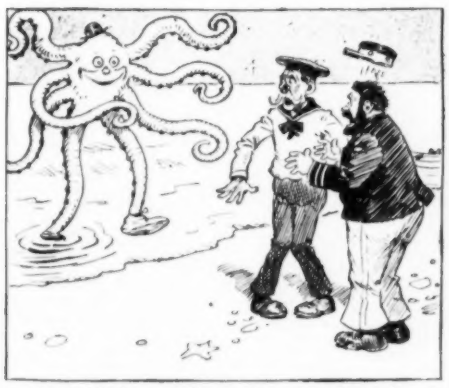
MARKET ADVICE.

IF THE speculator will carefully observe the following (good any day), he cannot possibly lose:

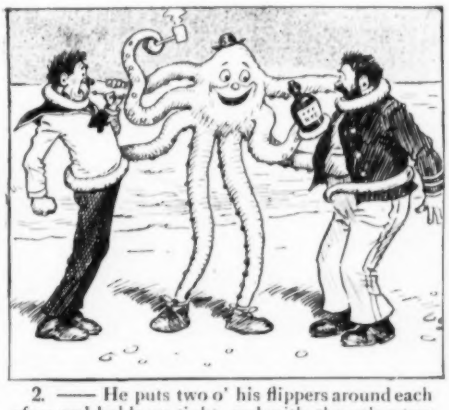
Sell on bulges.
Buy on sags.
Acquire only cheap stocks.
Get rid of dear stocks.
Take your profits.
Cut your losses to the minimum.
Find out exactly what a stock is going to do before operating.
Don't play.

ELLIS O. JONES.

THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB.

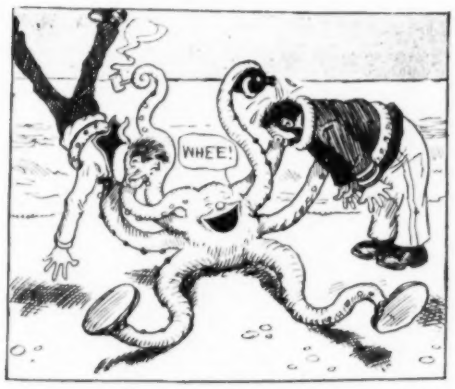


1. "Did I ever tell you about the time when I caught an octopus alive? Well, it wuz this way: Me and Spike Marlin went ashore in Madagascar, and all of a sudden a big octopus jumps outer the water and comes at us!——

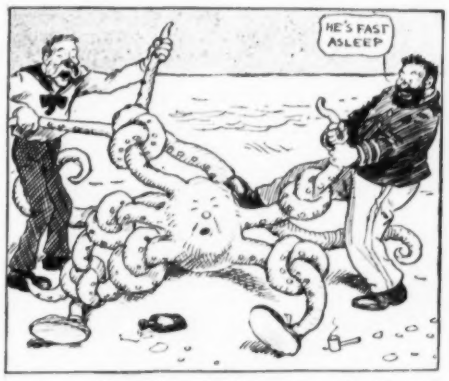


2. —— He puts two o' his flippers around each of us and holds up tight, and with the other two he goes through our pockets. That ding busted critter fishes a bottle o' booze from me pocket and a pipe full o' 'baccy outer Spike's.——

3. —— Then he starts in ter have a gay old time—and all the time huggin' me and Spike tighter 'n a python!——



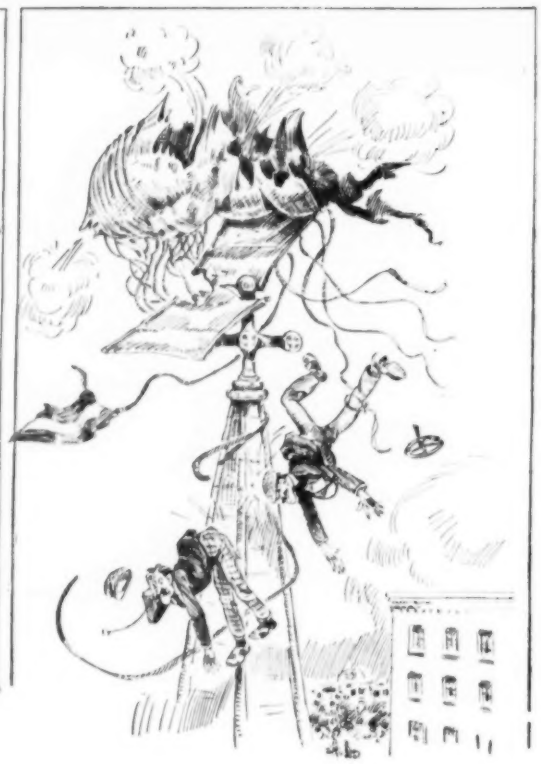
4. —— Whew! Boys, that wuz an excitin' half hour. That thing flipped us around like we wuz nothin' at all—and gettin' a worse jag all the time.——



5. —— By and by the booze gets the best o' him, and he falls asleep. Then we ties all the dem critter's flippers in knots and double knots.——

6. —— So when he wakes up he 's clean helpless. And, jumpin' jibbooms, what a head he had! We chucked him inter the boat and rowed him ter the ship. Yessiree, we sold him ter a museum, and he 's alive yet."

The Wright brothers.



The Wrong brothers.

CONCERNING AIRSHIPS.

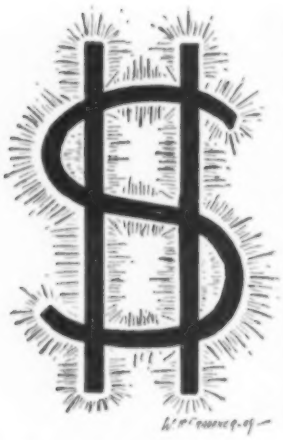
AUTHORS—THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK.

BE SURE of one thing—authors were created to annoy editors. If not, why do they do so? They know very well that an editor tries to hide behind his desk when they call, but still they call. Authors have mean dispositions.

A writer's first manuscript is usually a *true* story written with a lead pencil and malice aforethought. If he isn't annihilated for this crime, he continues to inflict other outrages on the long-suffering editors until he has received enough rejection slips to paper the parlor. Then, in a moment of temporary aberration, an editor accepts something, and the exultant author hangs his number seven hat on a bust of Bill Shakespeare and buys himself a seven and three-fourths. Sometimes the acceptance is accompanied with a check, but the writer usually has to use a microscope to discover the amount.

Authors and editors seldom agree as to the value of a manuscript. The author submits a poem on muck-raking, and thinks he should receive thirty dollars; the editor thinks he should be given thirty days. The chances are he doesn't get either.

W. B. KERR.



THE HUMAN "FIGURE."

TWO IS COMPANY.

TWO HEADS are better than one,
When the evening lamp burns low;
But when a third appears above
It's apt to spoil the show.

A LA POCKET.

"DON'T the French words on the menu trouble you when dining à la carte?"

"Not a bit. I just run my eye down the list until I see something for twenty-five cents, then point to it, and say 'Please.'"

PALMISTRY.

"WHO ARE the greatest fortune-tellers in the country?"

"Bradstreet and Dun."

DIFFERENT VIEWS.

"WHAT is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"A pessimist is always thinking of his liabilities, while an optimist thinks only of his assets."

SURE CURE.

Ted—"How did Tom break himself of the habit of eating his luncheon in a hurry?"

Ned—"He fell in love with the waitress."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"Would ye believe—I was standin' near a fifty-dollar bill whin no one was lookin', an' the thought av stealin' niver entered me head."

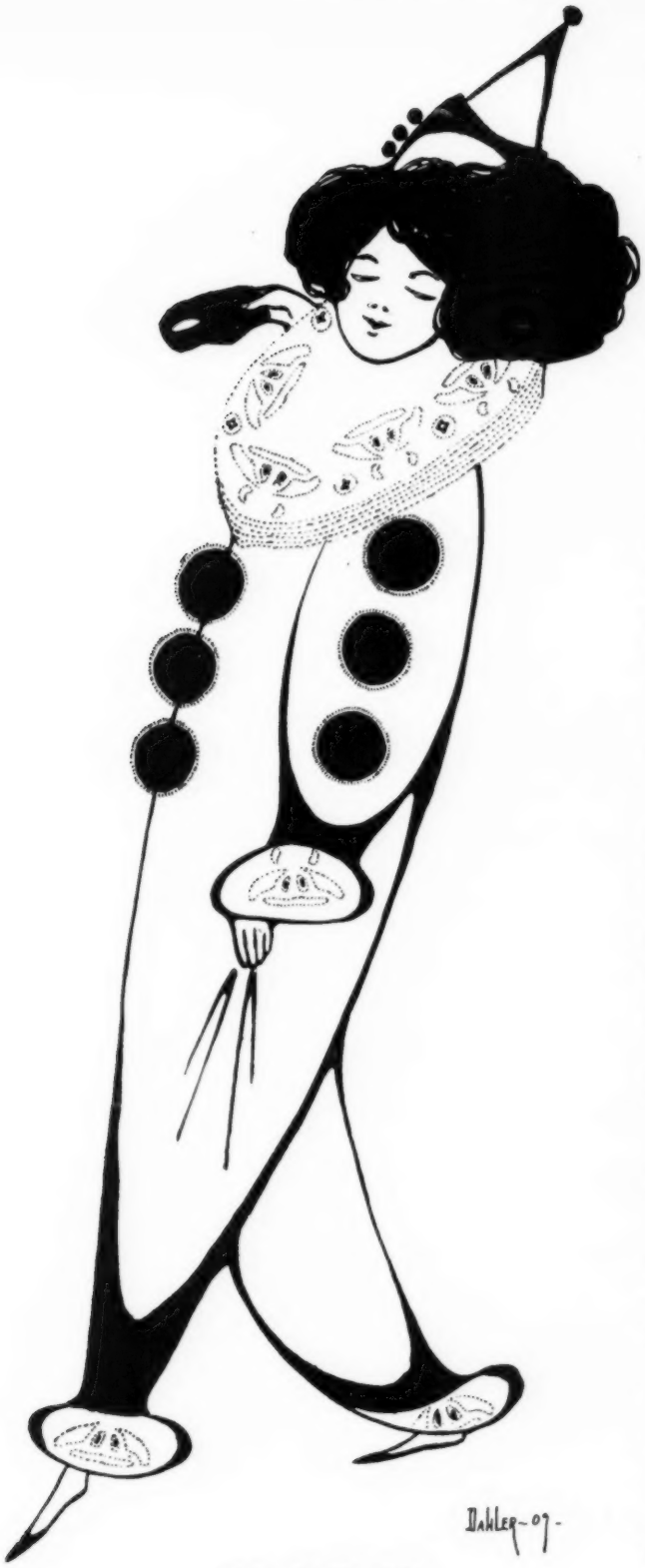
"'Pon me sowl, I would not!"

"'Tis so—but 'twas me own bill."

LINES ADDRESSED BY AN INDEFATIGABLE CONTRIBUTOR TO A PRESUMABLY INDIGNANT EDITOR.

YOU WILL observe that every time
I send along a shorter rhyme.
It may decrease—perhaps you hope—
To just an empty envelope.

If this sort of thing is going to keep up, why not pick the marigold for our national flower at once.?



THE CIRCUS GIRL.

Though you are a girl that I adore,
I 'm afraid that you I 'll see no more,
For the show in which you are the clown
Has traveled far from the good old town.

DAD'S JOB.

"IT RATHER knocks out one's ideas of hereditary traits when he sees how old man Scrimgen keeps driving his business early and late, while his son won't do a lick of work," says the man with the overset eyebrows.

"Yes," agrees the man with the discouraged hair. "The old man is doing the preliminary plowing for his son's crop of wild oats, if he only knew it."

THE VERY THING.

"OH," sighed the aspiring girl, "how I wish I could feel I had a place in the world that no one else could fill!"

"Um," remarked the professor, "I believe my wife wants a cook."

THE REASON.

MOST every one is good this year,
But somehow I honestly feel
That Lent is their excuse to save
To buy a new automobile.

RUINED.

"HE MIGHT have been a millionaire to-day, but for an accident."

"What happened?"

"He was making a fortune dealing in eggs when he broke one."

HAD ATTENDED TO HIM.

A BOY, who had annoyed his school-mistress in various ways that morning, was summarily ordered home with this note from the teacher:

"Mrs. Hopkins, I send your boy home because he got himself in bad odor with me this morning. I trust you will deal with him accordingly."

That afternoon the annoying pupil was led back to school by his maternal parent.

"He won't git himself in bad odor with ye now," she informed the teacher, who appeared at the door.

"Ah! you have attended to him?"

"Yes; besides givin' him a bath, I doused him with a bottle of cologne!"

NOT MY FAULT.

I WILL tell you something funny,
If you'll meet me face to face;
But I really cannot do it
In this very tiny space!

ON HIS GUARD THIS TIME.

Hewitt—"Let's go in and get something to eat."

Jewett—"Not in that restaurant."

Hewitt—"Why not?"

Jewett—"I had an unpleasant experience there once."

Hewitt—"Tell me about it."

Jewett—"They had a sign which read, 'Watch your hat and overcoat,' and while I was doing that somebody stole my watch."

A MODERN AFFINITY.

"AND WILL you love me always?" asked the hero, in the sixth chapter.

"Love you!" cooed the heroine. "Oh, Morton! I will love you until—until the end of the chapter!"

"IT MAKES me sad when I play."

"Sympathy with your audience, I suppose."

NINE A. M.

Lena vas so awf'ly tired
Vurkin' all de day.

NINE P. M.

Vere hass Lena's tired vent to
Ven she comes to play?
—*By her mudder.*

NO WONDER HE CRIED.

"What 's the matter, little man?"

"I got sister to write me an excuse from school to-day, and I just remembered to-day is a holiday."

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"THE THIRD

ANTE ROOM
U.S. LODGE.
WILSON
KNOX
VON MEYER
TAFT.
DICKINSON
NAGEL
P.M. GENERAL

IRD DEGREE"

SOMEWHAT AMBIGUOUS.

THERE was much ado in the cabin of the excursion boat, *Maid o' the Water*. A gentleman had leisurely entered the cabin. A placard to one side of the door occupied his attention for a moment. He allowed his gaze to wander about the room. Every chair was occupied—a few of them by men.

Strolling carelessly up to the prettiest young woman in the room, he deliberately sat down in her lap. With the first shriek for help he rose, and was promptly seized by the men present.

In a few minutes the story spread throughout the boat. When the captain arrived, in response to summons, the room was crowded with excursionists.

"What do you mean, sir, by such conduct?" the captain thundered.

"My dear fellow," the culprit returned coolly, "I was only following the rules for the conduct of passengers as laid down by the management."

"You-you"— the captain gasped. "Show me the rule made by this company which allows you the liberty you took."

"With pleasure. There is the placard bearing it, at the side of that door."

All turned their gaze in the direction indicated, as the captain read from the placard aloud:

"'The chairs in this cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen must not make use of them until the ladies are seated.'"

The prisoner was released.

GEORGE FREDERICK WILSON.

THE WAY OF THE GOOD RESOLUTION IS HARD.
"Ham Jenkins ain't touched a glass of licker since New Year's day. He drinks it outen the pail now."

TWO-THIRTY A. M.

OF ALL sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "Where have you been?"

THE SPENDERS.

"HOW are you getting along, Jones, since you got married? Saving any money?"

"Yes; but for heaven's sake don't tell my wife."

VICTORIOUS DEFEAT.

SOME yield to trouble, great or small,
And they are down for fair;
While others, when they take a fall,
Land right side up, with care.

GIVE WOMEN THEIR RIGHTS.

Smith—"Do you believe in woman suffrage?"

Brown—"Sure! Let the women suffer the same as the men."

A PROBLEM FOR THE EDUCATOR.
Hawkins—"What are you crying about, little boy?"
Little boy—"Pa said dat w'en I grew up, if I was good, I might be President, an' I don't want ter be good—wah!"

By Roy K. Moulton.

JOSH HIGGINS, of our midst, committed suicide by eatin' mushrooms last week. He left all he had to his wife's folks. All he had was his wife.

Our milliner is a blonde this season. Last season she was a blunette.

Ever since it was announced that President Taft was goin' to make a flyin' trip through our State, about half the population has got misery in the spine of the back from lookin' up into the sky all the time, but they ain't seen no airship yet. Grandpa Bibbins says he should think President Taft was pretty heavy to be takin' them flyin' trips so much.

The Ladies' Literary Society has started a crusade agin the smoke nuisance and Grandma Briggs has been warned to throw away her pipe.

Old Cap Whipple says them New York society wimmen must be dum fools to go and play whist on some bridge these chilly evenin's. Besides they might fall in.

The Sewin' Circle will meet next Thursday afternoon at Jed Frink's blacksmith shop to sew some patches on Jed's forge bellers, which leaks wind wusser'n a politician at this writin'.

Old Cap Whipple sat down on a spool of barb wire in front of Hilliker's general store the other day. Old Cap never could see the fine points of a thing.

Wheat looks good at this writin', but Hank Hilliker says, by gravy! that rye looks better. Tastes better, too.

If Mr. Kern had been elected it would not have been on account of his whiskers, but in spite of them. Maybe the poor feller is lettin' them grow in order to get them out'n his system.

Hank Tumms's wife is talkin' of gettin' a divorce, because Hank uses the kitchen grater to curry off the hoss with. Hank talks of filin' a cross bill, allegin' that his wife washes her false teeth in with the dinner dishes.

Karo

If you long for a sweet—eat **Karo**

If you wish for a food both delicious *and* good—eat **Karo**

If you'd feel secure from a syrup impure—eat **Karo**

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Corn Products Refining Company New York

A BONANZA.

Antonio Catio—"Big-a da scheme, dat! Make-a da big hit wid-a da cats too lazy to catch-a deir own meals."

ENGLISH IMPORTATIONS

EARLY REGRETS.

They were on their honeymoon and were climbing the Schnufelgafenpspitzen peak, and she stood above him some twenty feet.

"What," he gasped, "what do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel!"

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us!"

WHY KEEGAN WENT.

"Have ye hear-rd me daughter Mona sing lately?" asked Mr. Dugan.

"Both lately and early," said Mr. Hogan. "'Tis the fine insthrumental music she do make."

"Sure, singing ain't insthrumental music!" indignantly replied Mr. Dugan.

"Keegan told me it was insthrumental in causing him to move into the next street."

NOT USED TO THE WATER.

Lady (giving a little advice)—"And always be careful of your associates. A boy often becomes like those he associates with."

Fishmonger's boy—"Why, I've bin with fish all me life, and can't swim a stroke."

DIDN'T REALIZE

HOW INJURIOUS COFFEE REALLY WAS.

Many persons go on drinking coffee year after year without realizing that it is the cause of many obscure but persistent ailments.

The drug—caffeine—in coffee and tea is very like uric acid, and is often the cause of rheumatic attacks which, when coffee is used habitually, become chronic.

A Washington lady said recently, "I am sixty-five and have had a good deal of experience with coffee. I consider it very injurious and the cause of many diseases. I am sure it causes decay of teeth in children.

"When I drank coffee I had sick spells, and still did not realize that coffee could be so harmful, till about a year ago I had rheumatism in my arms and fingers, got so nervous I could not sleep, and was all run down.

"At last, after finding that medicines did me no good, I decided to quit coffee entirely and try Postum. After using it six months I fully recovered my health beyond all expectations, can sleep sound, and my rheumatism is all gone." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TEN LITTLE JOKES.

(With due apologies to the author of "Ten Little Indians.")

TEN little jokes, typewriten fine;
JUDGE sentenced one, then there were nine.

Nine little jokes, trembling for their fate;
One lost to *Life*, and then there were eight.

Eight little jokes, sorrows made to leaven;
Success took one, and then there were seven.

Seven little jokes, cutting up their tricks;
Puck pounced on one, and then there were six.

Six litte jokes, very much alive;
Lippincott's captured one, and then there were five.

Five little jokes, knocking at the door;
Hampton's seized one, then there were four.

Four little jokes, somewhat worn, you see;
One hit the *Century*, then there were three.

Three little jokes, all looking rather blue;
Smart Set took one, then there were two.

Two little jokes, still on the run;
One went to *Harper's*, then there was one.

One little joke so full of ancient fun;
Flew to "The Chestnut Tree," then there were none.

W. S. GIDLEY

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OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMOR

HER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Scribb and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go upstairs and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. Scribb.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Scribb.

Then she sailed away, and soon returned putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Scribb, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to call them by that name any longer."

He took the hint.

GOT OFF WITH HIS LIFE.

"He is a splendid talker, isn't he?"

"One of the finest I have escaped from!"

NOT CHEAP ENOUGH FOR HIM.

"Neckties!" shouted the loudly dressed "gentleman," as he stepped into a shop.

"These," said the assistant very politely, "are the very newest styles, and are excellent quality at a quarter."

"A quarter!" haughtily snapped the customer—"a quarter! Do I look like a man who would wear a quarter tie?"

"Beg pardon, sir!" meekly interposed the assistant. "The ten-cent counter is on the other side."

ONE STANDARD FOR THEM ALL.

He was "seeing" London from the top of a 'bus. As they swung down Ludgate Hill he asked the driver to point out the places of interest.

"Right you are, sir," agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's the Old Bailey, where they used to 'ang 'em."

THE FIRST SCARECROW.

THE TRAMP'S MITE.

A clergyman in the Midlands, well known for his kindness to the genus tramp, had a wooden building placed at the entrance to his grounds for their benefit, with a small loaf and a jug of water inside.

Recently he found that a portion of the loaf had been consumed, and a penny left. A scrap of dirty paper placed under the latter set forth that the copper was "for a penn'orth of cheese for the next chap."

MAKING ROOM AT HOME.

"You look glum," said the husband of one clever woman to the man who had married her companion.

"So would you if your wife studied geology, and filled the house with stones until there wasn't a place left for you to sit."

"Don't worry about that," was the cheerful reply; "turn her thoughts to astronomy. She can't collect specimens."

A GOOD REASON.

The rector (after half an hour's vain search for a congenial subject for conversation)—"And are you fond of Dickens's works?"

She—"No, I don't like Dickens—the print is so small!"

A little later, "There are the 'Ouses of Parliament, where they made the laws what caused the 'anging. And there's Westminster Habbey, where they buries the good 'uns wot don't get 'anged!"

TOO MUCH FAMILY TREE.

"Hasn't Fitzbrown got his coat of arms yet? Why, he hold me he was going to look up his ancestry the first opportunity he got, and"——

"Well, I believe he got an opportunity to look up his family tree, but he saw some things hanging to the branches that discouraged further research."

AT A COUNTRY STATION.

Passenger—"Will the train be much longer?"

Porter—"No, miss. It won't be long now, for I see the engine-driver's dog trottin' up the line."

SPECIAL REASON.

When the clergyman asked what name they had chosen, the happy father replied, "Octopus, sir!"

"What!" ejaculated the astonished divine; "but you cannot call a child by so extraordinary a name."

"Yes, sir, if you please," was the reply; "you see, it's our eighth child, and we want it called 'Octopus.'"

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

PERFECT IN AGE

PERFECT IN PURITY

PERFECT IN FLAVOR

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

WELL BEGUN.

"I'm sure my daughter is going to make a great singer some day."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she's always quarreling with her mother, who tells me it is absolutely impossible to manage her."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Jokes from Contemporaries

WHY, INDEED?

They were sitting on the veranda, and the evening was chilly.

"Miss Brown," said the bashful swain, "I am afraid you are cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it round you?"

"You may put your coat round me," replied Miss Brown; "but why take it off?"—*Punch.*

THE CHANGE.

The strenuous life we've lived so long
  Is drawing to a close;
It soon will lose its picturesque
  And presidential pose.
No longer will phlegmatic calm
  And quietude be vexed
With that recurring question e'er,
  "Now what will he do next?"

No fights (whose love eternal springs
  Within the human breast)
Will 'liven Congress's sessions dull,
  And speeches give a zest;
No more will men's veracity
  Be brought up with sharp turn,
Nor rancorous debate with fierce
  Recrimination burn.

The message unconventional
  On every human theme,
The shriek of trusts in agony,
  The idealistic dream,
The mollycoddle's finish, and
  Of simple life the call,
The big stick—Ananias Club—
  Oh, yes, we'll miss them all!
—*Washington Star.*

GETTING DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

"I love you!"

"I've heard that before."

"I worship you madly!"

"Loose talk."

"I cannot live without your love!"

"Get some new stuff."

"Will you marry me?"

"Well, now, there's some class to that."—*Cleveland Leader.*

APPROPRIATELY NAMED.

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple-and-blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home'?" she said, after a long look.

"'Home'? Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—*Glasgow Times.*

WELL INFORMED.

The stranger—"Do the people who live across the road from you, 'Rastus, keep chickens?"

'Rastus—"Dey keeps some of 'em, sah."—*Christian Advocate.*

PUNISHMENT ENOUGH.

"The alligator swallowed him."

"An' did they kill the 'gator?"

"No; they thought that swallerin' him was punishment enough!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Comfortable country home for gentleman; can have poultry run.—*Kentish Express.*

THERE ARE OTHERS.

If your affinity proves untrue,
  There are others!
If sometimes you're feeling blue,
  There are others!
If you show up late for lunch,
If your wife hands you a bunch,
And you simply sit and munch,
  There are others!
If at trifles you get sore,
  There are others!
If though rich you still want more,
  There's John D.!
If at luck you often curse,
If your cold is getting worse,
If you do not like this verse,
  There's Shakespeare!
—*Hallsville News.*

A BULL.

A genuine bull is credited to Augustine Birrell, Secretary for Ireland, by a Bristol correspondent of the London *Daily News.* "It is easier," Mr. Birrell affirmed in the course of a public speech at Bristol, "to face your foes in front of you than your friends behind your back."

NEXT.

Teacher—"What is the highest form of animal life?"

Schoolboy—"The giraffe."—*Universalist Leaner.*

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NOT A DANGEROUS ANIMAL.

Cockney—"The fox went down there quarter of an hour ago."
Huntsman—"Why didn't ye holler then?"
Cockney—"What did I want to 'oller for? 'E never bit me."—*Punch.*

TIT FOR TAT.

Jones—"Well, you and I won't be neighbors much longer. I'm going to live in a better locality."

Smith—"So am I."

Jones—"What! Are you going to move, too?"

Smith—"No; I'm going to stay here."—*Cleveland Leader.*

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

"I have a fireless cooker."

"That's nothing. I've got a smokeless husband."—*Baltimore American.*

NO NEED TO WAIT.

"Will you 'love me when I am old?" she whispered.

"Didn't I tell you that I love you now?" he responded. And she didn't speak to him again for a whole week.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

HOW COULD SHE?

He (rhapsodically)—"I adore everything that is grand, exquisite, supereminent. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life."

She (blushing coyly)—"Oh, George! how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?"—*Boston Transcript.*

HAD HIS OWN VIEWS.

Passenger agent—"Here are some postcard views along our line of railroad. Would you like them?"

Patron—"No, thank you. I rode over the line one day last week and have views of my own on it."—*Chicago News.*

THE REAL TEST.

"She has as many satellites as a luminous planet."

"Ah! but how many rings can she show?"—*Kansas City Journal.*

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Robust in imagination and fired with natural passion, his psychological curiosity kept him true to human nature, while at the same time his mental eye when fixed upon the most ordinary phases of human conduct, could see some new motive or aspect of things hitherto unnoticed by the careless crowd.

His dramatic instinct was supremely powerful. He seems to select unerringly the one thing in which the soul of the scene is prisoned, and, making that his keynote, gives a picture in words which haunts the memory like a strain of music.

These marvelous, quaint, delicious stories should be a part of every library. Here are given tales of travel and adventure, of mystery and dread, of strange medical experiences, of love and lust, of comedy and pathos that hovers upon the borders of comedy, and of tragedy.

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Judge—3-20-'09

STRAWS SHOW THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND.

Sister (to elderly prodigal who is much given to pawning his things)—"What's this ticket on yer best coat, Sandy?"

Sandy—"That was the nicht I was at McPhearson's ball, they tack yer coat from ye at the door, and gie ye a ticket for't."

Sister—"H'm—aye—I see there's yin on yer troosers as well."—*Punch.*

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Beware of counterfeits.

Sold by all druggists.

Cap and Gown Humor

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY ON THE BOSTON STREET RAILWAY.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling in general and the "Vampire" in particular.)

A youth there was from the woolly West
(Even as you and I),
And he boarded a street car in Boston town;
Just ahead of him sat a Paris gown
And he always was strong for a Paris gown,
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the wiles he tried and the sighs he sighed,
Just to gather a glance or two!
Then she turned around with a nod and smile
(He had almost despaired of even a smile),
That jollied him through and through.

That youth was squelched in his youthful pride
(Even as you and I);
'Twas not for his notice the lady tried.
The conductor yanked on the bell at his side.
"I want to get off at this street!" she cried
(Even as you and I).
And we followed.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HIS EXPERIENCE.

She—"Oh, don't you love grand opera?"

He—"Y-e-s, but the records always squeak so."—*Stanford University Chaparral.*

TEMPTATION.

She has a saucy mouth
And—well,
He can't be blamed because
He fell.
What do you s'pose that you
Would do
If she should put it up
To you?
—*Princeton Tiger.*

THOSE CORNER DRUG STORES.

"Which is your best brand of toothpaste?" demanded the good customer.

"Oh, it's all a matter of taste!" lisped the man behind the counter.—*Yale Record.*

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Employer—"Have you laid aside anything for a rainy day?"

Stenographer—"Yes, a pair of silk stockings."—*Cornell Widow.*

ISN'T IT FUNNY, ETC.

The knight of old, both stern and bold,
Would ride from out his halls,
And to his henchmen firm would cry,
"Follow where duty calls."

The knight to-day, of lesser clay,
Stands trembling in the halls,
To know if they be in or out—
He's paying duty calls.
—*Yale Record.*

LAZY, AND ALSO SLOW.

First fusser—"I threw a kiss to a girl the other day."

Second fusser—"What did she say then?"

First fusser—"She told me that I was the laziest man she ever saw!"—*Yale Record.*

A SPRING SONG.

Sing a song of high-balls;
A bottle full of rye
Well mixed up with seltzer,
Served in glasses high.
Another bottle opened—
The "birds" begin to sing.
Isn't that a pretty mess
To hear the patrol ring?
—*U. of Pa. Punch Bowl.*

A 'PHONY JOKE.

"Bought a phonograph yesterday."

"That's a good sound investment."—*Yale Record.*

THE PERFECT MAN.

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's paralyzed!

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right;
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon, and night—
He's dead!
—*Exchange.*

PARDONABLE THEN.

A parent who evidently disapproved of corporal punishment wrote the teacher:

"Dear miss: Don't hit our Johnny. We never do it at home except in self-defense."—*Exchange.*

"The plot thickens," said the old lady, as she sowed grass seed for the third time.—*Yale Record.*

A fruit cocktail is a combination of grape fruit, Abbott's Bitters and pulverized sugar to suit taste.

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WITH THIS RING I THEE WED

By James Montgomery Flagg

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OUT OF SCHOOL.

Teacher—"Food and drink we need for use in our bodies—and the air?"

Scholar—"For our airship."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

Married woman—"For whom are you in mourning?"

Old maid—"For no one. I am simply trying to see whether I shall not have better luck with the men if I wear the widow's weeds."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

A CONFUSION OF TERMS.

"Have you enjoyed many balls this season, Gretta?"

"I have enjoyed many, and at each ball I was the first dancer."

"So? We never go so early."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

WILLING TO INVESTIGATE.

Pretty girl—"Professor, do you think there is much truth in the assertion that there are microbes in *kisses?*"

University professor—"I'm sure I don't know, but it is a problem I should like to investigate under present conditions."—*Jugend.*

THE EXCEPTION.

She—"Since we have been married you have allowed me almost nothing. I tell you I won't bear it; I shall go back to mother."

He—"I should be glad to allow you that."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A PECULIAR WISH.

Young chap—"Blame the luck! My future father-in-law has been indicted for forging a check for ten thousand marks. If he is found guilty, then I cannot marry his daughter; and if he is innocent, then I get nothing by way of a dowry. My only hope is that he will be set free—and also that he is not innocent."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

HE KNEW.

Husband—"Watch out! On the first, our rent will be raised."

Wife—"What makes you think so?"

Husband—"There is the wife of our landlord just going into the dressmaker's for a new suit."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

SAFE PROTECTION.

Kind old lady (to pretty young girl carrying a large box)—"My dear, why do you always carry that big pasteboard box with you?"

Pretty girl—"My father makes me carry it, so that the men will think that I am a shopgirl and let me alone."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

GERMAN PROVERBS.

Those who sing the poorest usually sing the loudest.

Whenever one judges one's self, the verdict is pretty sure to be acquittal.

Tears which are shed inward fan, rather than put out, the flame of anger.

To unlearn is sometimes much harder than to learn.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

EASY TO CARRY.

"Why, I see you have sent little Willie for beer for the first time, and that you have given him two jugs to carry. Why did you do this?"

"I did it so that with one in each hand he could keep his balance better."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

THE HAT MODELS OF 1909.
The unlooked for snowfall.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

HE KILLED THEM ALL.

"How is that young physician, who recently came to board with you, getting along?"

"Pretty poorly. At first he had only his friends for patients."

"And now?"

"And now he has no more friends."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

THE NEW MOTHER.

Widower (to his little boy)—"Well, Moses, what have you got to say, now that your new mamma is coming?"

Moses—"How much has she got?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

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Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TAFFY 'POSSUMS.

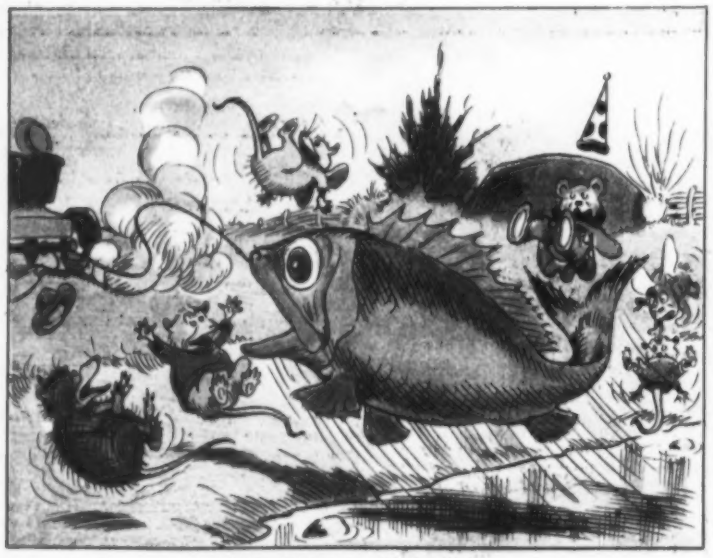
JOHN AND THE TAFFIES CATCH A WHALE, AND PROVE IT BY THIS WONDROUS TALE.

1. Young Johnny and his party wish
To spend the day in catching fish.
They wonder how one auto car
Can carry all and go so far.

2. But John's invention seldom fails—
He hangs the 'possums by their tails—
While he and Teddy sit in style,
Their faces beaming in a smile.

3. And now they 've reached the lake, and start
To catch the fish with expert art.
John thinks he 's surely got a whale;
They try to pull it in, but fail.

4. But Johnny's wits again arise!
Tight to the car the line he ties;
Then starts with many a squeak and puff—
In comes the line, and, sure enough,



5. A mighty fish comes full in sight,
And fills the band with joy and fright.
"A whale! a whale!" they cry in awe,
And each throws up a cheering paw.

6. But, truth to tell, 'twas somewhat hard
To get that fish back to their yard.
Swelled out with pride and conscious laugh
They then posed for their photograph.

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Because of the great demand for the popular large-sized "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" book, we have exhausted our supply. We have on hand, however, an attractively bound smaller edition, called "The Teddy Bears in Fun and Frolic," which will be sent, postpaid, for 35 cents, on receipt of price, by Judge Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.